

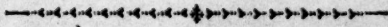
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P O E M S

ON

*VARIOUS SUBJECTS.*

BY JANE HARVEY. K



NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:

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1797.



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POEMS



SONNET TO MOONLIGHT

ALL nature now is hush'd in silent sleep,  
And thro' the woodlands breathes the soft and soft  
Air, the soft from climes beyond the deep  
And o'er Northumbria's vale the river veils;  
From busy day, and all its cares, retir'd,  
The peasant now enjoys the tranquil night,  
And love, the Queen, by the peasant sigh'd,  
Her path on the poet's breast to guide,  
Then welcome, queen of night, to these lone shades,  
My joy shall be thy radiant throne to leave,  
To mark thy beauties pressing o'er the shades,  
And look on this spot each returning year,  
The feeling heart shall pass unnoted by,  
For still he looks on thee with one eye.

SONNET

5

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## P O E M S.

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### SONNET TO MOONLIGHT.

**A**LL nature now is hush'd in silent sleep,  
And thro' the wood scarce breathes the soft'ned gale:  
Arise, fair Orb! from climes beyond the deep,  
And o'er Northumbria cast thy silver veil:  
From busy day, and all its cares, retir'd,  
The pensive muse enjoys this tranquil hour,  
And loves, fair Cynthia, by thy beams inspir'd,  
Her spirit on the poet's breast to pour.  
Then welcome, queen of night! to these lone shades,  
My joy shall be day's giddy throng to leave;  
To mark thy beauties spreading o'er the glades,  
And seek calm quiet each returning eve:  
The setting sun shall pass unheeded by,  
Nor shall his absent rays call forth one sigh.

B

SONNET

## SONNET TO AUTUMN.

**W**HEN on my lov'd Northumbria's cultur'd plains,  
 Thy hand, sweet Autumn! spread the ripen'd corn,  
 And o'er the harvest fields, the chearful fwains,  
 With songs and labour woke the early morn:  
 Then, thro' revolving years, at thy return,  
 I wove the garland, and prepar'd the lay,  
 Nor saw the mists arise from time's deep urn,  
 That ever gathering, darken life's long way.  
 The rosy spring, tho' stor'd with fragrant dews,  
 To dress the trees, and bid the blossom ope,  
 Was not so welcome to my infant muse,  
 For with thy dawn, arose the dawn of hope.  
 Ah! days of bliss!—for ever are you fled,  
 And hope rests now on resignation's head.

## SONNET TO MEMORY.

**A**H! cease, too faithful friend! ah cease to bring  
 Departed hours of joy to my sad mind,  
 When thought flew gaily by, on fancy's wing,  
 Or on the breast of flatt'ring hope reclin'd:  
 O'er former scenes a Lethæan mantle keep,  
 And hide the source from whence my sorrows flow,  
 Reflection only makes the wound more deep,  
 What was, was pleasure,—but what is, is woe.  
 But can cold reason make the muse forget  
 The themes, the objects, lov'd so well, so long?

Or



Or can she stop the tear of fond regret,  
 For hopes, that first inspir'd her humble song?  
 Ah! no; my muse shall those dear themes adore,  
 Till life shall end, and memory be no more.

---

SONNET TO HOPE.

WHEN, dear deceiver! wilt thou cease to bind  
 The chains of error round a captive mind?  
 To hearts that bend beneath misfortunes blast,  
 Thou paint'st the future brighter than the past;  
 And when calm reason, or experience kind,  
 Would draw the veil, and leave thy spells behind,  
 Thou whisperest then, "This sorrow is the last,  
 And pleasure's rosy train advances fast."  
 Ah! loveliest flow'r that life's gay path adorns!  
 Unthinking youth at thy fair altar bows,  
 There, ardent fancy pays her early vows,  
 Nor thinks thy rose, oh hope! is arm'd with thorns.  
 But ah! those thorns thy hapless victims feel,  
 And oft they leave a wound that time can never heal.

---

SONNET TO JESMOND DEAN.

SWEET vale! where wand'ring fancy oft has stray'd,  
 To seek fair nature in her summer bower;  
 Or tun'd the lyre, amid thy much lov'd shade,  
 To pensive strains, at evening's silent hour:



Oft times I strive to paint in humble song,  
 Thy rural beauties, by the muse inspir'd,  
 Whose votary shuns the gay and busy throng,  
 And contemplation wooes, in scenes retir'd:  
 But ah! in vain their aid divine I ask;  
 Through my dull verse no fire poetic breathes,  
 My rustic lays, unequal to the task,  
 Can claim no poet's crown, no laurel wreathes;  
 Yet would my muse a garland ask, sweet Dean  
 Form'd of the rose-buds wild that deck thy lovely  
 green.

---

SONNET TO A PARTRIDGE.

DEEP thro' the valley sounds the thund'ring gun,  
 Arm'd with quick death, nor sounds, alas, in vain:  
 Thou bleed'st, poor bird! thy little life is done;  
 For thee, no more shall wave the golden grain;  
 No more the hedge-row be thy peaceful home;  
 Nor shall thy gentle young ones call thee there;  
 No more o'er fields or woodlands shalt thou roam,  
 Thou'rt dead to happiness,—and dead to care.  
 Yet kind the dart, poor bird, that brings thee rest;  
 No more on thee shall tort'ring memory hang;  
 But ah! the dart that wounds the human breast,  
 Still fixes faster keen sensation's pang.  
 Th' afflicted bosom bleeds with current wide;  
 But ah! oblivion follows not the tide.

SONNET

## SONNET TO A SWALLOW.

**S**WEET bird! wilt thou no longer with me stay?  
 Thro' chearful summer hast thou been my guest;  
 And in my chimney built thy peaceful nest;  
 And chirp'd thy welcome to the dawning day.  
 Now nature, in her charms no longer drest,  
 To distant regions bids thee wing thy way,  
 Where warmer climes shed forth a brighter ray,  
 And constant summer decks the glowing west.  
 But ah! thy flight first brings th' unwelcome view  
 Of winter's long and solitary reign,  
 That strips the meadows of their verdant hue,  
 And binds the feather'd choir with silent chain.  
 So shall the drooping muse in silence mourn,  
 Till spring shall bloom, and thou, sweet bird! return.

## SONNET.

**N**OW fable night retires to distant lands,  
 And blushing morn comes smiling o'er the hills;  
 Bright Phœbus rising, waves his golden wand,  
 And shews his image in reflecting rills.  
 The lark's wild notes now echo thro' the air,  
 And warn the rustic swain to quit his cot,  
 Contented he repines not at his lot,  
 But whistling, hastens to his daily care,  
 When lovely spring the rosy garland weaves,  
 And smiling summer paints the blooming plains;  
 When

—•••••

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W. H. H. H.



What mortal can endure the hours they keep?  
 They rise each morning with the rising sun;  
 The noisy lark disturbs my balmy sleep,  
 And then the torment of the day's begun.

Soon as the clock strikes six they breakfast here;  
 But did I do so when I liv'd in town?  
 Ah! six o'clock is only midnight there,  
 For thank my stars I never rose till noon.

Ah! who can bear to walk for three long miles,  
 Thro' fields, where scarce three people one can see?  
 They tell me, Flora at this season smiles,  
 But if she smiles on them, she frowns on me.

Mourn, mourn ye belles and beaux, Florella's fate,  
 That dooms her thus with rustic clowns to mix,  
 Whose minds, untaught by fashion or by state,  
 Can see no beauties in a coach and six.

We're sure to dine at one (oh what an hour!)  
 And for my comfort in the afternoon,  
 Perhaps we visit some good folks next door,  
 And always go at least three hours too soon.

Instead of all that animating chat,  
 Which at town visits cheats the time away,  
 They talk of RACHAEL this, and TIBBY that  
 Or tell how poultry sold last market day.

When

When all the village news is quite gone through,  
And each dull tale told o'er and o'er again;  
For want of other themes, they'll talk, 'tis true,  
About what happen'd in the last king's reign.

When evening comes, in vain my sorrowing heart,  
Sighs for the side-box, and regrets the play,  
No playhouse here; no powder'd beaux so smart,  
The evening's long and tedious, like the day.

"Behold Florella" (oft at night they cry,)  
"Behold the skies in all their glory drest!"  
But ah! no star seems bright to my dull eye,  
But that which glitters on his grace's breast.

"How sweet," they cry, "is nature's gay perfume,  
That breathes on zephyr's wing along the gales,"  
But sweeter far I think the drawing room,  
Where breathe gay compliments and tender tales.

Oh! could I but once more behold the town,  
And all those scenes which are to mem'ry dear,  
In vain should friends upon my conduct frown,  
No art, or force, again should bring me here.

In vain their sober lessons should they preach,  
And praise the pleasures of a rural life;  
Their grave harangues should ne'er my bosom reach,  
Or win my mind to be a rustic's wife.

THE

## THE HOURS, A POEM.

IMMORTAL Time! best gift of heav'n to man!  
 From thee the hours, the days, the seasons came;  
 Thou mark'st with varied lines, life's narrow span,  
 And art, through changing years thyself the same.  
 How blest the bosom that with constant aim  
 Shall use thy moments, and improve thy hours;  
 And in life's morning light the sacred flame  
 Of virtue, that shall cheer the evening bow'rs  
 Of age, and guide the soul when threat'ning tempest  
 low'rs.

Soon as the glowing sun-beams light the earth,  
 The sons of labour rise with chearful hearts,  
 Their toil is half forgot in laughing mirth,  
 And jocund health her liveliest hue imparts.  
 Their humble state secures them from the starts  
 Of giddy fashion, or of moping spleen,  
 And industry, blest parent of the arts!  
 Whose throne is Britain; oft at morn is seen  
 To lead her chearful train, to distant field or green.

There the ripe hay demands the friendly scythe,  
 Or yellow corn-fields yield the year's full crops;  
 The distant milk-maid sings her carol blithe,  
 And the wing'd warblers from the hedge row tops  
 Pour their wild notes; and dewy fragrance drops  
 From hawthorn blossom, or from woodbine shade;

C

And



And distant bleatings; and alternate stops  
 In echo's voice, add charms to ev'ry glade;  
 Ah transient charms! soon fled when summer's beauties  
 fade.

Sweet hour of morn! still dost thou shine most bright,  
 Where the red sun emerges from the main,  
 And gilds the orient sky with varied light,  
 Reflecting on the lucid wave again.  
 Triumphant at this hour does nature reign,  
 And through creation sends her bounty forth;  
 And all the charms that come in morning's train,  
 Oh TYNEMOUTH! loveliest village of the North  
 Are thine, when her bright beam illumines the sea and  
 earth.

Where rising cliffs, and rocks extensive spread  
 Along the coast, majestic, at the last  
 The ancient abbey lifts its ruin'd head,  
 And braves the power of winter's wasting blast:  
 Below the German ocean, wide and vast,  
 Pours its full tide; and from the neighb'ring cave,  
 Responsive echo sounds; and sail-clad mast  
 Of vessel gliding o'er the placid wave,  
 Thro' Ether's blue expanse seems the flow way to lave.

And o'er thy sweet fields, at autumnal hours,  
 (Blest hours! on which my muse shall ever doat;)  
 The kind, the lib'ral hand of plenty show'rs  
 The full-ear'd barley, and the waving oat.

As in the eye the varied pictures float,  
 Each passing moment shews some beauty more,  
 The near-seen valley, and the hill remote,  
 The smooth white beach, strew'd with the various store  
 Of ocean's treasures, brought by rushing waves on shore,

Ah scenes belov'd! as mem'ry you unlock  
 Then rise the visions of my early days,  
 When the wet weed torn from its native rock,  
 I valued higher than the poet's bays:  
 And as the landscape met my ardent gaze,  
 Sky, earth, and waters all had charms for me;  
 Hope had not taught me yet to tune my lays,  
 Nor at the muse's shrine to bend the knee,  
 And all was peaceful calm like summer's even sea,

Season of bliss! ere yet the bosom knows  
 The ills of human life; the griefs, the fears,  
 The cares, the passions, and the countless woes  
 That cloud the sunshine of maturer years:  
 Ere yet the feeling heart has shed the tears  
 Of sorrow, for some joy, for ever lost:  
 And all the anguish keen affliction bears,  
 And the sharp pang for fond intentions crost,  
 While our frail mortal bark is on life's billows tost,

As hope points forward to some distant view,  
 The captive mind some fav'rite scheme employs:  
 She bids fond youth the flatt'ring dream pursue,  
 And shows with lengthen'd arm the glitt'ring toys.

But time too oft the magic form destroys,  
 Perhaps some secret foe is lurking round,  
 To snatch the cup that holds our promis'd joys,  
 And dash it headlong on the humble ground;  
 And sad experience flows from deep reflection's wound.

Now the warm sun his highest station gains,  
 And shines around with full meridian ray;  
 Pierces the hedge-row of the shaded lanes,  
 And o'er all nature spreads the broad noon-day;  
 No more the scythe glides swiftly through the hay;  
 Unnerv'd the wearied arm of labour drops;  
 And as the traveller onward bends his way,  
 Spent with the fervid heat, he looks, he stops,  
 And seeks a cool retreat amid the bushy copse.

No longer blows the cool refreshing breeze;  
 Continu'd heat has dry'd the thirsty springs;  
 The birds now warble from the thickest trees;  
 Nor longer try abroad their drooping wings.  
 Such universal languor noon-day brings,  
 When summer's heats the parching earth pervade;  
 Then ev'n the muse no more her lov'd strain sings,  
 But courts lone silence in some gloomy shade,  
 Where erst some fairy train in midnight revels play'd.

If such is noon in Britain's temp'rate isle,  
 Oh think, ye gentle few, whose kindred hearts,  
 Can feel for human woes, oh think, the while  
 On scenes, at whose bare mention pity starts

From



From the full eye; and thro' the bosom darts  
Sorrow's keen pang, to hear the wretched tale  
Of Indian sufferings, how the negro smarts  
Where fierce Jamaica's hottest noons prevail;  
And heat with labour joins, till strength and nature  
fail.

Soon as the morning gilds the orient sky,  
Through the plantation sounds the dreadful whip,  
While the poor slave lifts up the streaming eye,  
And life's last breath seems trembling on his lip.  
From the first hour when barb'rous ruffians strip  
Ill-fated Afric of her hapless train,  
Thro' all the horrors of the Guinea ship,  
And the unfeeling planter's cruel reign,  
Oh think, ye gen'rous minds, their mis'ry and their  
pain!

Vain are complaints: long since the soothing sound  
Of mild humanity has ceas'd to please  
Their ruthless master's soul: nor is there found  
One friend to pour the healing balm of ease  
Upon their wounds; nor can the sufferer seize  
One gleam of hope to cheer them on their way;  
Cut off from joy, from comfort, and from peace,  
And tortur'd by oppression's rigid sway,  
The grave, the silent grave is now their only stay.

And thou, hard master! at whose rough command  
The lashes echoed round with horrid peal,

Who

Who taught the cruel driver's guilty hand  
 To give thy weeping slaves the scanty meal;  
 Just vengeance shall thy crimes hereafter feel;  
 And when oppress'd with sickness, or with want,  
 Remorse shall wound thy soul like pointed steel,  
 And murder'd victims round thy pillow haunt,  
 For heav'n denies to thee the peace thou would'st not  
 grant.

Oh WILBERFORCE! humanity's best friend,  
 Though yet thy gen'rous efforts have been crost,  
 Bright truth shall dawn, and Britain cease to lend  
 Her ear to minds misled, and bosoms lost  
 To pity's voice; and may the noble host\*,  
 The guardians and preservers of our laws,  
 Whose wisdom ever is their country's boast,  
 Exert their power in mercy's lovely cause,  
 And tear the hateful veil insatiate av'rice draws.

Oh PITT! to whom Britannia looks for aid,  
 Whose counsel guides her, and whose virtue shields,  
 Still raise thy voice against this horrid trade,  
 Till error's mist to bright conviction yields.  
 But ill my muse persuasion's weapon wields;  
 Oh! could she sing on high Parnassian hill,  
 And bear the laurel from Apollo's fields,  
 Then should the glowing verse, and garland still  
 Deck mercy's sacred shrine, an offering of free will.

Come

\* The British Parliament.

Come silent hour! to contemplation dear,  
 Day's varied scenes shall claim my song no more;  
 The morning bath'd in nature's pearly tear;  
 When Flora spreads on earth her gayest store;  
 Nor the broad noon-day on the parching shore;  
 Nor ev'ning hours, tho' dearest to the muse;  
 But night's deep shade, when daily care is o'er,  
 And mild content on labour's pillow strews  
 The slumber sound and dream of fancy's gayest hues.

No verdant scenes the poet's eye can win,  
 Or tempt gay fancy now to rove abroad;  
 Best season this to turn the mind within,  
 And view thro' reason's glass the past day's road;  
 If vainly spent, dread conscience then will goad  
 The guilty soul, and rack the tortur'd breast;  
 But innocence, free from th' oppressive load  
 Of vice, sinks sweetly down to quiet rest;  
 No storm affrights the heart where virtue is a guest.

November's dismal blast howls thro' the dell;  
 Nor stars, nor moon-beams yield their friendly light,  
 And echoes, murm'ring from the distant cell,  
 Fill wand'ring shepherds lone with sore affright.  
 Now slaves of fashion waste the giddy night,  
 In ill-term'd pleasure, round the circling cards;  
 Or midnight dance and revels gay invite;  
 And vice unmask'd where fear no longer guards  
 With folly riots loud, and deep remorse retards.

When



When toil is done, and weary nature sleeps,  
 Then active fancy, free from reason's chain,  
 Restores the object fond affection weeps,  
 Whose death or absence we have mourn'd in vain:  
 'We hear the lov'd, the well known voice again,  
 In fancied comfort sorrow is forgot ;  
 But ah ! too soon we wake to former pain,  
 The lovely dream is fled, and our sad lot  
 Is to regret the past, and weep for what is not.

While the gay tide of youthful fancy flows,  
 And idle pleasure does the mind engross,  
 We lightly prize the blessings heav'n bestows,  
 Nor know their value, till we feel their loss.  
 'Tis thus we lose thee TIME; bright passion's gloss  
 Gilds the vain hours, lamented when too late,  
 When drooping age, life's ev'ning, comes across,  
 And mem'ry calls to mind our former state,  
 We weep for years mispent, and throw the blame on fate.

But fate allows to all sufficient time  
 To plant the tree of virtue, and to chuse  
 The good or evil: man is free to climb  
 The path which leads to heav'n, or to refuse  
 The offer'd grace; and vain is all excuse  
 For ill-spent minutes, and neglected hours ;  
 Then snatch the fleeting moments, oh my muse !  
 And as time flies, employ thy feeble pow'rs  
 As reason's voice directs, that peace may still be our's.

AN

## AN EPISTLE TO A YOUNG LADY.

*Newcastle, 7th. May, 1793.*

MY Dear,

The letter that you sent,  
 Came safe to me, with the contents;  
 The little picture, which you took  
 That evening from my pocketbook,  
 I found inclos'd; and though 'twas cruel,  
 To rob me of so bright a jewel,  
 Whose painted coat, of various hue,  
 Shone gaily deck'd with green and blue.  
 It caus'd no fits, no restless nights,  
 No sleeping dreams, or waking frights.  
 Well, now I know you'll blame the muse,  
 And cry "What not one word of news?"  
 Alas! dear girl, no news have I  
 To feast your ear, or charm your eye;  
 No sound e'er meets my wearied ear,  
 But slaughter, war, and Dumourier.  
 The Austrians, their camps and tents,  
 The Prussians, and the siege of Mentz;  
 I should not wonder, very soon,  
 If France makes war against the moon!  
 But, as I am no politician,  
 I will, my dear, with your permission,  
 Now write a little of the spring,  
 (A theme we poets love to sing).  
 The blossom'd trees, the budding flowers,

D

The

The warbling birds, the shady bowers,  
 The hills, the dales, the valleys gay,  
 Are deck'd in all the charms of May.  
 Bless me! my paper's almost done,  
 (I really thought 'twas scarce begun).  
 I only just have room to tell  
 That all friends here are very well;  
 Of compliments send not a few  
 To Mr., Mrs. I——, and you.  
 My best respects upon you wait,  
 And am,

Your most affectionate

J. H.

P. S. I had forgot to say,  
 When you were here the other day,  
 That Mr. M——'s new house is fill'd,  
 Who has again begun to build;  
 Which will quite take from us, you know,  
 The Mustard-mill, and Saville Row.  
 So sweet a prospect heretofore  
 Excuse me, I can add no more.

---

#### THE COTTAGE OF CONTENT.

IN those happy old days, that are call'd *days of gold*,  
 (Such days we poor moderns did never behold),  
 There liv'd in a cottage, with nymphs and with swains,  
 A damsel most justly the joy of the plains;

Her



Her complexion was fairer than lilies or snow,  
 And her eyes were more bright than the diamond's  
     rich glow,  
 She was sure to give pleasure wherever she went,  
 And the shepherds around her had nam'd her CONTENT.  
 Long time she continu'd to live in her cot,  
 And, if hist'ry says true, was well pleas'd with her lot,  
 Till once on a time a fine lady came down,  
 From London, or else from some other great town;  
 She had both a smart air and a beautiful face,  
 And was dress'd out in jewels, in satins, and lace;  
 Her fortune was large, and she fix'd her abode  
 In a very fine castle, that stood by the road;  
 Her attendants were numerous, and soon spread her  
     fame,  
 And GRANDEUR, it seems, was her ladyship's name.  
 Her splendid appearance so charm'd all the swains,  
 That no longer they thought of their flocks on the plains:  
 Their crooks they were broken, their pipes thrown aside,  
 And each woo'd lady Grandeur to be his gay bride;  
 Content and her cottage were thought of no more,  
 For Grandeur alone did the shepherds adore.  
 Since the nymph was thus fallen quite into disgrace,  
 She determin'd no longer to live in the place,  
 So one sweet summer morning she pack'd up her clothes,  
 And quitted her cottage 'ere Phœbus arose;  
 While endless remorse rends the breasts of the swains,  
 Who drove sweet Content from her once happy plains.  
 She travell'd all day, and when ev'ning drew nigh

A neat looking cottage she chanc'd to espy.  
 It stood in a field, near the foot of a hill,  
 Where incessantly murmur'd a soft flowing rill;  
 On whose verdant banks some tall poplars arose,  
 And with skill the young shepherds had woven their  
     boughs,  
 And form'd a kind shade whose thick branches among  
 A sweet little lark chanted forth its wild song:  
 Around it did roses and violets bloom,  
 And woodbine, and jessamine shed their perfume;  
 The cowslip and daisy enamel'd the green,  
 And nature in fullest perfection was seen.  
 "How blest," cry'd Content, "must be that mortal's  
     lot

Whom kind nature has plac'd in this sweet little cot!"  
 She open'd the door, and beheld an old pair  
 Who had dwelt in that cottage for many a year;  
 No envy they felt, no ambition they knew,  
 Their wants were but small, and their wishes were few.  
 So pleas'd was Content with the old couple's lot,  
 That for ever she fix'd her abode in their cot;  
 And has often declar'd, that she never will cease  
 To be the companion of virtue and peace.  
 How many in search of Content spend each day,  
 And yet when they seek her go still the wrong way?  
 Peace of mind is a treasure that virtue must give,  
 And with they who obtain it contentment will live.  
 Oh while thoughtless mortals thus wander in vain,  
 In search of a treasure no wealth can obtain,

And

And neglect all the blessings kind nature hath sent,  
 Be mine, oh ye powers! the cot of Content;  
 That virtue may lead me through life's rugged way,  
 And over my bosom mild peace shed her ray;  
 And grant me, while time shall flow quietly by,  
 With Contentment to live, with Contentment to die.

---

THE SUMMER'S DAY.

**J**UST emblem thou of human life,  
 Through all its scenes of peace and strife;  
 When Phœbus thy bright blushing morn  
 With gold and azure does adorn,  
 May we not view in that, with truth,  
 The tranquil state of early youth?  
 And when to form the noon-tide hour,  
 The sun displays his fiercest pow'r,  
 May we not then admiring cry,  
 Just emblem of maturity?  
 But should a shadowy cloud arise,  
 And hide his beams from mortal eyes,  
 Would not that show the cares that blind  
 The brightest prospect of mankind?  
 And when to close the parting day,  
 Bright Phœbus westward bends his way,  
 Like his faint rays mild hope appears  
 To gild the evening of our years:

When



When day withdraws his friendly light,  
And yields his throne to sable night,  
Do we not thus resign our breath,  
And sink into the sleep of death?  
But tho' the grave's wide cavern opes,  
A brighter life invites our hopes,  
When this vain world shall pass away,  
To rise like the returning day.



### THE ROSE.

ONE day while seated in the shade,  
Philander to fair Phebe said,  
" In that fair rose, on yonder green,  
Is virtue's justest emblem seen ;  
For like that rose's thorny stem,  
The ways of virtue are to them,  
Who, long departed from her road,  
In pleasure's specious paths have trode ;  
And like that blooming beauteous flower,  
To virtue's sons is her mild power ;  
Which sheds contentment o'er the breast,  
And lulls each anxious doubt to rest.  
And sure it may with truth be said,  
That virtue blooms when roses fade."

A SKETCH

# A SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

( *The Author's first Essay in Blank Verse.* )

TO such a theme as this how shall the muse  
Exalt her strain? how of Eliza sing?  
That name belov'd, enraptur'd echo hears,  
And pouring forth the deep resounding voice  
Amid the caverns of Britannia's shore,  
Proclaims her glory to the listning main.  
On her true wisdom shed its choicest dew  
And guided all her counsels; in her heart  
Her people reign'd supreme; their griefs their joys,  
Eliza made her own; and from the yoke  
Of Roman superstition, and the rage  
Of furious zeal protected this fair isle:  
At her command the British Navy rose,  
Whose swelling sails with fav'ring breezes fill'd,  
Explor'd each distant clime, and rear'd that flag,  
Which still retains the empire of the sea;  
While commerce spread her wide extending power  
From distant Ganges to the Atlantic main.  
The great armada, haughty Spain's proud boast,  
In vain oppos'd Eliza's conquering arms;  
In vain her foes the sword of vengeance drew,  
Her name struck terror thro' each neighb'ring state,  
And kept the trembling enemies in awe.

Her

Her virtues were a grateful people's boast,  
And while her annals shall adorn the page  
Of history, to all Britannia's sons  
The memory of Eliza will be dear.

ODE TO THE MUSES.

**I**MMORTAL Nine! whose all commanding powers,  
Can bid the stormy passions rise and fall,  
Oh hither come, array'd  
In fancy's gayest garb;  
Your brows with never fading laurel crown'd;  
Oh hither come, accept the sacrifice  
A grateful votary comes  
To offer at your shrine.  
Inspir'd by you, our Shakespear tun'd the lyre,  
And rear'd his fame immortal with the song;  
Obedient on his voice  
Each passion captive waits;  
Whether o'er Juliet's woes mild pity weeps,  
Or terror struck at Richard's horrid crimes,  
Still must the feeling heart  
Adore his much lov'd shade.  
In strains divine when god-like Milton sings  
Of our first parents, in their state of bliss,  
O'er every breast the muse  
Sheds harmony and love.

But



But when, by heaven inspir'd, the matchless bard  
 In solemn numbers tells their dreadful fall,  
     Each softer passion flies,  
     And every bosom bleeds.  
 And thou oh POPE! whose searching soul could trace  
 The inmost windings of the human mind,  
     And show th' admiring world  
     "Whatever is, is right."  
 But when in love's wild words, and glowing strains  
 Fair Eloisa mourns her guilty flame,  
     Compassion swells the eye,  
     And drops the pitying tear.  
 And THOMSON too, in whose enchanting lines  
 Each season blooms by nature's pencil drawn;  
     Spring, summer, autumn, all  
     In fancy ever live.  
 Nor does *our age*, enrich'd by every art,  
 Want your inspiring aid, oh powerful NINE!  
     For sure to PERCY's brow  
     The laurel wreath belongs:  
 When Warkworth's Hermit tells his mournful tale,  
 Ah! who can read and feel not what he reads?  
     So well, oh charming NINE  
     Can you command the heart.  
 But fairer bards, and gentler muses claim  
 Praise, admiration, all we can bestow,  
     And SEWARD, WILLIAMS, SMITH  
     Shall ever rule the heart.

Celestial sisters ! hear one parting prayer,  
Oh deign to smile on this your favorite land,  
Where every liberal art  
With radiant lustre shines.



HYMN WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1796.

THE sun has gone his wonted course,  
And almost clos'd the year,  
And winter come in annual round  
Again has found me here.

Yes, thro' the mercy of my God  
I still remain on earth,  
And tune my lyre to praise the day  
Bless'd with a SAVIOUR's birth.

Oh ! let the beams of thy bright truth  
To distant nations smile,  
And shed thy powerful grace, oh Lord !  
On Britain's favor'd isle.

How should the christian's heart rejoice  
For every blessing giv'n,  
And seek with never weary step  
The path which leads to heav'n !

THE

THE SORROWS OF JULIET.

NEAR yonder brook, where mournful willows weep,  
And solemn yew-trees spread an awful shade;  
Where echoes murmur from the distant deep,  
Lie Juliet's last remains—ill-fated maid!

Yon peaceful cot was Juliet's sweet abode;  
Yon woodbine-shade was rear'd by her fair hands;  
There long she walk'd in virtue's flowery road,  
And still obey'd her dictates and commands.

Though fair her form, her mind was fairer still,  
Far, far more fair than ever poet feign'd;  
Though large her bounty, larger was her will  
To soothe the heart, by keen affliction pain'd.

But who can to all-powerful love set bounds!  
Or who can say "I will not own his sway?"  
Too oft his shaft the tender bosom wounds,  
And bears the young unguarded heart away.

'Mongst all the swains who grac'd fair ——'s plain  
None like the gentle Corydon was seen,  
Lov'd by each nymph, esteem'd by every swain,  
He reign'd the monarch of the village green.

Dear was fair Juliet to his faithful breast,  
As is the turtle to his feather'd mate,  
A few more weeks had seen them further blest,  
And join'd their plighted hands in Hymen's state.



But direful war spread wide her savage arms,  
 And delug'd Britain's happy isle with blood,  
 Call'd Corydon from peace and Juliet's charms,  
 To breathe in slaughter for his country's good.

For three long months his absence Juliet mourn'd,  
 And counted each dull moment as it fled;  
 The three months past, no Corydon return'd,  
 But came the fatal news—that he was dead!

In vain the nymphs to comfort Juliet try'd,  
 Clad in a hermit's vest she sought that cell;  
 There some sad weeks she linger'd ere she died,  
 And then a victim to her sorrows fell.

—♦♦♦♦♦—  
 STREPHON AND MARIA,

A PASTORAL TALE.

(Written at the age of fifteen.)

IN a sweet cottage by a green-wood side,  
 Belov'd by all, the fair Maria dwelt;  
 With spotless innocence to be her guide,  
 She the sweet blessing of contentment felt.

Her youthful days had known no anxious care,  
 No hidden sorrow had her bosom torn;  
 She ne'er had felt the arrows of despair,  
 New joys return'd with each revolving morn.

And when pale Luna, goddess of the night,  
 In fable mantle clad the verdant plain,

Maria

Maria gaz'd with pleasure on that sight,  
Which none but guilty minds can view with pain.  
But joy on earth can never lasting prove,  
Of which Maria an example shone;  
The baleful influence of tyrannic love,  
It was her hapless destiny to own.

And let no Stoic with a flinty heart,  
Blame the sweet maiden for her gentle flame,  
For know, vain boaster, that through love's keen smart  
Glow's a sweet pleasure thou can'st ne'er attain.

Close by the side of a meandering stream,  
Within the covert of a waving wood,  
The seat of innocence and peace supreme,  
Retir'd from pomp and noise, a cottage stood.

This humble cottage was the sweet abode  
Of a young shepherd, whom the tongue of fame  
Had long acknowledg'd virtuous and good,  
And Strephon was of this fair youth the name.

Long had Maria of his heart reign'd queen;  
Proud was the shepherd of her gentle sway;  
Though small their treasure, and their station mean,  
Love, peace, contentment, deign'd to bless each day.

Though all the neighbouring shepherds call'd her fair,  
For none but Strephon beat Maria's heart:  
One flowery pasture fed their fleecy care;  
(Alas! they knew not love had poison'd darts.)

Of

Oft in a grove together would they stray,  
To hear the music of the feather'd throng;  
There, shelter'd from the piercing heat of day,  
They listen'd to th' enchanting lark's sweet song.

Maria's tender parents saw the youth,  
And thought him worthy of their daughter's hand:  
And she who ever spoke the voice of truth,  
Soon gave consent to join in Hymen's bands.

"But, ah! what earthly happiness can last?"  
Pleasure too oft is follow'd fast by pain;  
The tyrant death, with ever powerful blast,  
Soon robb'd Maria of her faithful swain!

The news no sooner reach'd the maiden's ear,  
Than on the ground insensible she fell!  
Just op'd her eye and shed a pearly tear,  
And then for ever bade the world farewell!

---

### STREPHON AND PHEBE,

#### A PASTORAL TALE.

OF all the gay swains of the Tweed,  
There was none could with Strephon compare;  
In the dance on the soft flowery mead,  
Young Phebe shone first of the fair.

No wealth had the shepherd to boast,  
Ambition his breast had ne'er fir'd,  
The praise of the good was the most  
To which he had ever aspir'd.

But



But a far greater treasure than gold,  
 To him was his Phebe's dear heart ;  
 Not for all that the Indies unfold  
 With that would our fond shepherd part.

By the side of a smooth winding brook  
 They tended their flocks on the green,  
 Content with the pipe and the crook,  
 They envied no monarch or queen.

But envy is every where found,  
 As well on the Tweed as the Thames;  
 And often on pastoral ground,  
 It injures the villagers' names.

In the village a shepherdes dwelt,  
 Long nurs'd in the school of deceit ;  
 No love had her heart ever felt,  
 For envy had there fix'd her seat.

To see Strephon and Phebe content,  
 Was enough all her malice to raise,  
 She resolv'd that her spleen should have vent,  
 'Ere their love had seen many more days.

To Phebe's neat cottage she sped,  
 Resolv'd her resentment to rouse,  
 And told the fair credulous maid  
 That " Strephon was false to his vows.

Last night as we danc'd on the green,  
 To the sound of the pipe and the song,  
 Young Strephon (believe me) was seen  
 With Daphne to join the gay throng.

Be assur'd what I tell you is true ;  
 It was friendship that urg'd me to speak,"  
 She said, and bid Phebe adieu,  
 (Who could ever suspect one so meek).

Just then from the neighbouring grove,  
 Young Strephen flew over the plain ;  
 But instead of the fond smiles of love,  
 He met the cold frowns of disdain.

Unable to think what dire spell  
 Could his Phebe's affections estrange,  
 He intreated the fair one to tell  
 The cause of so sudden a change.

She said "'tis in vain to deny  
 That Daphne alone you approve ;  
 And far, far from these plains will I fly,  
 Since Strephon's forgot how to love."

In vain did poor Strephon declare,  
 That he never was false to his vows :  
 Till she told him the name of the fair  
 Who related the heart-rending news.

" And

“And will my dear Phebe (he cry’d)  
 Believe what that shepherdeſs ſays;  
 To falſhood her heart is ally’d;  
 No regard ſhe to truth ever pays.”

Theſe words put an end to their ſtrife;  
 Fair Phebe’s glad heart ceaſ’d to bleed;  
 They now are united for life,  
 And dwell on the banks of the Tweed.

---

A PASTORAL.

DULL night’s ſable ſhadows are fled;  
 The moon has withdrawn her pale ray;  
 Soft dews the mild morning has ſhed;  
 And the ſun gaily leads on the day:  
 The groves with wild muſic now ring;  
 The birds tune their notes on each tree;  
 Ah Celia! no joy can they bring  
 To Damon when abſent from thee!

What torment does love ever find  
 When forc’d from its object to part!  
 All nature recalls to my mind  
 The lov’d image that lives in my heart:  
 Should the garden’s ſweet bloſſoms invite  
 Its gay painted paths to purſue,  
 Not an object can there meet my ſight  
 But reminds me dear Celia, of you.

F

Yet



Yet the charms of the lily must fail  
 If to vie with my fair they should seek,  
 And the rose seems to droop and turn pale  
 When compar'd with the bloom of her cheek;  
 But the shrubs of the ever-green shade,  
 Which alike in all seasons we find,  
 Are a better resemblance sweet maid!  
 Of the virtues which grow in thy mind.

Unchang'd does the verdure remain  
 In the midst of the winter's rough rage,  
 And the virtues which charm thy fond swain,  
 Will endure in the winter of age:  
 When the rose and the lily of youth  
 In life's garden shall droop and decline,  
 The myrtle and laurel of truth  
 Round thy temples a garland shall twine.

How often does Corydon say,  
 "Why, Damon, that sorrowful air?  
 Come join in the sports of the May,  
 And beguile the dull hours of their care."  
 But ah! how unskill'd is fond love  
 To pass time's leaden minutes away,  
 Tho' more swift than the wings of the dove,  
 I think ev'ry dull moment a day.

How silent and sad is the scene,  
 When the moon's pale beam shines in the flood,  
 Should I seek the lone shade of the green  
 Or the welcomer gloom of the wood;

My

My fond heart dwells enraptur'd on thee;

The soft wind seems scarcely to blow;

While the nightingale sits on a tree

And warbles the tale of her woe.

Yet, yet in the midst of my care,

One bright ray of joy can I see;

Need I say it is hope, oh my fair!

That alone can speak comfort to me?

In my bosom it soothes ev'ry storm,

And tells me again we shall meet,

That again I shall see thy dear form,

And sigh out my fond soul at thy feet.

Then let fortune her bounty bestow,

On the world loving part of mankind;

While the wreath of proud honor, the brow

Of ambition and glory may bind:

Ah Celia! if blest with thy smiles,

Fair content will enliven my cot,

And the fear that in absence beguiles,

Will for ever in love be forgot!

Tho' our cot is but cover'd with straw,

Yet the swallow shall build her nest there,

And the flowers that bloom round it shall draw

The bee, busy insect! whose care

Shall yield us the honey well won,

'Gainst winter-time carefully stor'd,

And when day's rural labor is done,

The muses shall smile round our board.

The

The brook that springs out of the hill,  
 And waters the valley below;  
 The hoarse-rushing found of the mill;  
 And the breezes that variously blow;  
 All these shall amuse the gay hours,  
 And the landscape around us improve;  
 While the shrubs, that adorn the sweet bow'rs  
 Shall be hung with the garlands of love.

In the bushes the blackbird shall sing,  
 And the lark carol loud in the air,  
 To welcome the dawning of spring,  
 And rejoice in the morn of the year.  
 Each day some new pleasure shall give,  
 In attending our flocks and our farm;  
 For that bosom to pleasure will live  
 Which the beauties of nature can charm.

Thus, Celia, when absent from thee,  
 I sojourn in this far distant clime,  
 Gay hope and bright fancy agree  
 To hasten the flight of slow time.  
 The pictures hope sheds from my quill,  
 May Celia and Damon find true,  
 And fate the sweet visions fulfil  
 That fancy holds out to our view.

FINIS.

10 JU 68



*The Life-Boat of the Soul.*

By JANE HARVEY, of Newcastle.

**W**ITH fav'ring breeze, my little bark

The voyage of life begun ;

I rose each morning with the dark,

And rested with the sun :

No cares disturb'd my peaceful breast,

No sorrow swell'd my eye,

And, gilded by prosperity,

The hours flew swiftly by.

But, ah! the howling blasts arose,

The raging billows to's'd,

And, striking on misfortune's rock,

My little bark was lost !

Yet, let the stormy whirlwind blow,

The threat'ning surges roll,

In thee, immortal Hope! we find

The Life-boat of the soul.

10 JU 68